

URANIA:

A. Lawson

12 RB^A 23 a 3506

P O E M

Samuel MacArthur

—præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene—Hor.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere—Virg.

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M. T. O.



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U R A N I A.

WAKE, pensive Muse! assume the Dorian lyre;
To sadder notes the plaintive chords attune,
And sooth, with heart-felt melancholy strains,
The blest URANIA's shade. From Heav'ns abode,
If happy shades revisit this low earth,
And pitying, hear the rueful voice of woe;
The mournful Muse shall not in vain lament.

Oh! purest Spirit, wheresoe'er thou hover'st:
If in the hollow of the blue serene;
Or, from the shine of yonder lucid clouds,
Thou cast thine eye upon this lowly vale,
And pity'st thy once dear PALEMON lorn:
Or rather feel'st the fond heart-yearning pang
Of pious love, maternal, while thou see'st
The orphan'd Pledges of thy spousal joys,
In silent thought, regret a parent lost.

A

Perhaps

U R A N I A:

Perhaps thou wander'st o'er the higher orbs,
 The planetary worlds, or starry firm;
 Or flit'st beyond the upper ChrySTALLINE,
 In that prime moving sphere, which shuns the quest
 Of mortal ken; or, in th' Empyrean fix'd,
 Th' eternal mansion of the blest in glore,
 Thou join'st the hymning Hierarchy in laud
 Of thy triunal God; and from the fount,
 Of ever-streaming bliss in glory wrapt,
 Imbib'st beatitude ineffable:
 Or haply at Heav'n's warbling close, while round
 The saphire throne, the winged sons of light,
 Cherub, and Seraph, ly with bliss suffus'd;
 Thou, with the effluent stream of heav'nly day,
 Wing, to this low terrene, thy downward flight,
 Oh! deign attentive hear the mournful lay:
 While, thro' the round of many cheerless suns,
 The mindful Muse; to this oblivious world,
 Recalls the day that drunk her early tears;
 And taught her rude, but undissembled voice,
 With anguish'd heart, this sorrowed dirge to plain.

URANIA

URANIA mourn, URANIA good, bewail!
URANIA gone! Ye BRITONS all deplore!
Oh early gone ere past the prime of years!
Lost in the vernal bloom of op'ning life!
Untimely cropt, like some sweet odorous flow'r,
That spreads its fragrant blossoms to the day!
On earth a bliss sent from the realms on high,
Like some good Angel, to relieve distress;
But ruling Heav'n, ah! soon that bliss recall'd.

Oh! ever lost the virtuous, and the good,
So good, and virtuous, rare on earth beheld.
Ah gone that choicest elegance of form!
Where beauty, with the heav'n-born graces meek,
Consociate smil'd attractive! and where once,
That purest sanctity of manners bland,
Resistless winning the esteem of all,
Wont to reside: Ah low that graceful port!
Where majesty, by dignity sustain'd,
Claim'd deference: Ah low that awful mien,
Attemper'd with the mildest rays of Heav'n.
And art thou ever gone? O blessed shade,

Oh

U R A N I A:

Oh me resolve ! No answer thou return'st !
Far hence thou fly'st, nor heed'st my grievous dole.
So that fair Dame, Sidonian Dido erst,
When to th' Elysian fields, the Trojan chief,
Anchises' son, on pious errand came,
With hasty wing, flew from his wistful gaze,
And reckless of him, left him whelm'd in woe.

Thou earth art conscious of her peerless worth,
And ever saw'st her, with delighted eye,
Perform the acts, that render life more amiable.
The tender parent, with affection dear,
Indulging innocence her young desires;
Th'endearing spouse, respectful of her lord ;
The open friend, resource of pale distress;
The needy pilgrim, and the orphan's stay ;
And minister of heav'n-born charity :
But charity of her fair tenement
Undom'd, on earth reside no longer joy'd,
A space she wail'd, the needy's rueful hap,
Then soon, on soaring wing, like that just maid,
Who

A P O E M.

Who fled erewhile the guilty world, withdrew
Her pitying eyes, and sought her native Heav'n.

Felonious death, as envious of her worth,
Traversing long the airy empire void,
On his pale courser, fraught with deadly spight,
Sly watch'd th' ill-fated moment opportune;
And froze, with icy hand, the vital stream.

So blissful Cynthia glads the summer tide,
A short-liv'd moiety of the varying year,
Till numbing winter, from his regions hoar,
On freezing pinions, thro' the air upborne,
With Boreal rigor chills his genial ray.

Lo! with the noon-tide hours the mournful hearse,
URANIA's mournful hearse, oh heavy sight!
With black envelop'd steeds, and chariotteer,
By sadly, solemn, slow degrees proceeds,
Dusking the dreary way, with twilight dim;
Lo o'er the nodding top, death's ensigns dread!
Confronting the four winds, with ev'ry gale
Slow veering, shew the ghastly bones traverse,

And

And scalps chop-fall'n with hollow orbs; beneath
 Inscrib'd, the prompting motto stern, that erst
 Th' Emathian monarch, bade his tending slave,
 Each rising morn, and falling eve recite:
 Lo! all is hush, nor voice, nor sound is heard;
 Save from the weary axle, that complains,
 As conscious of its load; or from the brace,
 That querulously chides th' uneven rut;
 Now in protracted length, with progress slow,
 Proceeds the fun'ral pomp, and now a pause,
 In solemn state; updraws the ling'ring rear;
 While wany sorrow sits on ev'ry face,
 Bewitnessing the soul, full sore aggriev'd.
 Like the pale rose-bud, which the cancrus worm,
 With gnaw infectious, spoils of all its bloom.

Now slow behind recedes the cheerless bow'r,
 Where sunk in woe, PALEMON lonely pines.
 URANIA'S urn t' inshrine, he would have join'd,
 But modern rites the pious act forbid.
 Lo! in yon past'ring fence, the lowing herd,
 As conscious of the gen'ral loss, neglect

Their

Their herby provender ; while faster by,
Beside the firry copse, in silence dumb,
On leaning hoof, URANIA's fav'rite steed,
That ambling wont, her joyous bear erewhile ;
Glares on the transient hearse, a rueful gaze.
Ah now ! with anguish'd soul, the farther gate,
That wont erewhile its portals wide t' expand,
Obsequious to URANIA's glad approach,
Like strangers bent on journey far they pass ;
While from the lonely dome, in columns faint,
The livid smoke ascends, and in the front,
Like statue fix'd, some woeful wight bewails,
A sad spectator of the fun'ral pomp.

See ! from each quarter, to the main way throng,
O'er rough, o'er smooth, thro' furrow'd glebe, thro' lee,
With speed anticipating, all who shar'd
URANIA's blessings, or e'er heard her fame.

See ! a vast length, on either side extends,
Of various sex and years, of matrons hoar,
Of virgins young, of aged fires, of sons,

B

From

From mutual vision drinking sorrow deep.
Like marshall'd host, with front adverse, erewhile
Th' encounter wounds, when silence reigns between.

Now on the passing hearse in rueful plight,
All fix their eager gaze, and deem once more,
On earth to see her who in heav'n is blest.

In vain, ye sons of woe, in vain on earth
Ye gaze, to heav'n erect your earnest look,
And read her happy with the eye of faith.

Ah hark ! how sad yon wailing matron plains !
While busy thinking memory recalls
The happy days, when, in her humble dome,
URANIA deign'd, like social angel, talk.
How sad the thought ? but sadder now afflicts
Her whelmed soul ; ah late her first-born dy'd !
The pledge of nuptial vows ! to earth she droops,
Like child-reft Niobe, all whelm'd in tears.

Behold yon sadly plaining damsel fair !
Fix'd to the earth, a monument of woe,
With hair dischevell'd, and with wringing hands,
At times rude visiting her virgin breast.

Like

Like that griev'd Heliad, Phaëthusa young,
Clemenean issue, who beside the stream
Of old Eridanus, in sorrow whelm'd;
Four moons a brother's hapless fate bemoan'd.
Ill-fated fair! unblest, from earliest days,
With ken of mother, or of absent sire;
Right cause thou hast URANIA to bewail,
The fost'ring mother of thy tender years.

See! on the earth-fix'd stone, yon wretched dame,
Distract with sore severity of woe;
In rocking gesture, and with head inveil'd
In hiding mantle: Like that mournful saint,
Lorn Galilean Magdalene, when o'er
The Arimathean empty tomb she wept:
'Tis she, 'tis fair Eugenia, hapless dame!
Who 'mong the Hebrides, Hesperian isles,
Sprung from the ancient line of warlike Pol;
Who with the Manian prince, Olaus, shar'd
The palm of valour, when in Jona isle,
With his fierce band, the haughty Godred bled.
In beauty, she the virgins round excell'd,

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with modest virtue more desir'd;
Nor less in fortune, and high birth surpass'd;
Fair as the Goddess who on Ida mount,
In form transcendent, gain'd the golden prize.
The darling she of old Ronaldus' soul,
And to his wealth the sole surviving heir;
For her Cleander breath'd the amorous sigh,
The amorous sigh her mutual passion own'd;
He lovely blooming, in the prime of youth,
When youth in abler manhood stands confirm'd;
Not him in form, and graceful mien surpass'd
Euryalus, the flow'r of Trojan youth.
The neighb'ring lands, his sire sage Bankus rul'd,
Who from the ancient stem of Brendan sprung,
Who rear'd the royal dome of Rothsay old.
At him dire enmity Ronaldus breath'd,
Nor Bankus less the secret grudge maintain'd.
Tho' foes the fires, not so the blooming pair:
Her young Cleander secret woo'd, and wed,
And scarce a moon the sweets of love enjoy'd,
Ere by his sire compell'd to leave his home,

And

And with him join in more unhappy broils:
Ronaldus' ear th'ingrateful nuptials reach'd;
Such as his love before, such now his hate.
Highly he rag'd, and from that moment bade
Her 'scape his ire, and him behold no more.
Prostrate to earth in tears, she pardon crav'd,
His heart was stone, and all her tears in vain;
Ah whither should she fly! her lord was gone;
No hope of shelter from his doubtful home;
Strait to the camp she now resolves to hie,
And equal share Cleander's love, and hap;
Now lonely on thro' heathy wilds she fares,
When O! dire omen, on the left she saw
Erect a speckled snake, with Syren chant,
From air, the warbling lark to fate allure;
And from a steepy cliff, an eagle fly
With rapid wing, and on a straying ewe,
A late year'd firstling tending by her side,
Drop fowse, and with her deadly pounces tear
The bleating dam, then in her trussing grasp
To her high erie, bear the dying lamb.

'Twas

'Twas then a sudden horror chill'd her blood,
A dire prognostic of yet greater woe.
Lo! while she pensive seeks, her weary way,
Comes obvious hast'ning, from the foughten field,
One who with jeopardy escap'd, who in
Cleander's phalanx, drew his willing steel;
Rout, and dismay, sat on his sullied looks;
Instant she ask'd, if young Cleander liv'd;
Her asking, he in tears these tidings told:
" Him when escaping from the field I saw,
" His wounded father bearing in his arms;
" And fast behind a light-arm'd troop pursue,
" O'ertake, o'erpow'r, and slay him with his fire.
In wild despair, her snowy breast she beat;
Of all forlorn; incertain of her way,
Her native soil she left; and wand'ring roam'd
Eight moons, a distant land; at last constrain'd
By hard necessity's supreme command,
To good URANIA's hall she came, and ask'd,
With pregnant womb, the charitable dole:
Suffic'd, her vagrant, weary way she sought,

Nor

Nor measur'd many roods, until beneath
The plantane shade she hied ; there labour sore
Her, sole, distress'd : none but the Dryads saw
He throws parturient ; secret as the nun,
Who sought the covert of th' Egerian grove.
Nor much unlike the patriarch's spouse bestead,
Who suffer'd travail under open sky,
Ere Israel spread his tent beyond the tow'r
Of Edar old, when on the way from Luz,
To Ephrath's walls, Benoni last she bore.
Or Anteclea, journeying on the road,
Who to Laertes bore the sapient chief
In Ithaca, who suffer'd many toils,
Ere from Troy-walls Penelope he saw.
Or her who 'scap'd Saturnia's jealous rage,
And Python dire, by earth deny'd repose,
In floating Delos, old Ortygia fam'd ;
Where late Asteria fled from angry Jove
Bore her fair twins, beneath the shadowing palm.
Thrice on the bended knee, Lucina's aid
She loud invok'd, nor thrice the vocal grove
Her painful yells return'd, ere to her help

URANIA

URANIA bade her gentle hand-maid speed,
And save a double life ; then was she sav'd,
And healing care attended on her couch.
Soon as URANIA heard her mournful tale,
The mournful tale of beauty in distress,
Pitying, her woes with solace bland she sooth'd,
And from her stores her urgent wants supply'd :
She ever since, till this unlucky tide,
URANIA's love, and secret bounty shar'd.

Ah me ! the infant muse herself behold,
With drooping wing, the mournful bier attend ;
While sadly from the heart, in strains uncouth,
To the chill air this rueful dirge she sighs ;
Grieving a parent in URANIA lost.
Like pensive bird, lorn of its pious dam,
To soar the airy region yet unfit,
On full fledg'd wing, perch'd on the leafy twig,
In plaintive strains, expressive of its hap ;
It feebly chirps, while keenly thro' the leaves
The bleak gale blows, and on its shiv'ring plumes,
From the dank spray, the chilling drop distills.

The

The dreary fane, now from th' incumbent height,
The mourners view, while loud is heard behind,
The throng on tending, vent their gen'rous grief,
The air sore wounding with the bitter wail.
Sore as the rueful voice in Rama heard,
Of loud lament ; or at the threshing floor
Of Atad old, that louder peal of grief :
When from Nilean land, with Israel's corse,
The son of Rachel sped, and sought the cave
Of Machpelah, o'erlooking Mamre's plain,
That Isaac's father from the Hittite bought,
The son of Zohar, 'fore the tribes of Heth,
In chosen Hebron, ancient Arba call'd.

Now at the charnel vault arriv'd, the end
Of their sad journey, flow in tears afresh,
A tribute to her urn, their high wrought grief ;
While up to heav'n, the needy pilgrims breathe,
From grateful sorrowing hearts, the happy wish,
Regardless for that day an alms t'implore ;
A duty owing to her gen'rous boons.

Ah! small the earthy space that now confines,
 That heav'nly frame which grac'd the world erewhile.
 O earth! within thy hospitable womb,
 Preserve her pure, nor let corruption gnaw.
 Ly soft thou monumental stone, and from
 Thy marble heart, e'er weep the dewy tear.
 Peace o'er the tomb still hold thy silent watch.
 Come, some blest scribe, some heav'nly scribe come,
 Thy wings revers'd, beside the Tump'ny grieving;
 With thy heav'n tinctur'd pencil, trace the lines:

HERE LIES URANIA, ONCE A PEERLESS FORM;
 WHO BREATH'D A SOUL EXALTED 'BOVE

EARTH BORN:

THIS WORLD TO BLESS, LENT FROM THE
 REALMS ON HIGH;

THIS WORLD SHE BLEST, AND HEAV'N RE-
 SUM'D THE LOAN.

Now home, by different paths with grieving hearts
 The parting croud their weary way explore:
 While to a neighb'ring cliff, the sorrowing muse,
 Withdrew,

Withdrew, and from the jutting summit view'd
The lonely fane, where thousands lately mourn'd,
The aged oaks, that skirt the hallowed bound,
Wav'd high their hoary heads, the dreary scene,
With dunner horror saddening ; while the eye
Of fancy, staring thro' the shadowy gloom,
Deem'd, 'mid the whiten'd monuments to flit
Th'awakening shades, and one in lucid sheen
Enrob'd, prick forward from the silent throng,
And beck'ning wave, a kerch of heav'nly lawn.

'Twas then the muse rush'd to the perilous brink :
And well nigh took the dreadful leap of fate ;
When sudden from her eye the vision fled,
And doubt-rackt left her, while it mix'd with air.
Not with more pious love th'annoyed soul,
Of royal Hamlet yearn'd, when first he star'd
In mailly armour clad, his shadowy fire ;
Who suffer'd from a lustful brother's hate,
That in his sleeping ear, in evil hour
With ruthless hand, the dire Hebona pour'd.

Now

Now nature 'gan her objects fair withdraw,
Strait'ning the wide horizon's orbid space ;
Sign to the swain to pen his bleating flock:
While, from the low'ring south, the croaking rooks,
In lengthen'd train, hie to their woody roost ;
And weby footed Bernacles in teams
Continuous, shaving slow with level wing
The airy element sublime, that from
The inland meer, wide many leagues remote,
In quest of fry, far to the fishy coast,
Their haltless flight, led by their leaders clang.

Adown the winding steep, with slow descent,
Her home-ward way pursues the dolent muse !
Sad ruminating on th'afflictive day :
While thro' the murky dusk, the horrid screams
Of baleful sea-fowl, grate her wounded ears,
Of mews, of raucous gulls, and curlews shrill,
Attuning to each other's hideous clang,
Their harsh dissonance, 'long the neighb'ring strand ;
Mix'd with the sounding of the spumy surge,
That curling murmurs to the barren shore.

Now

Now from the German wave the lab'ring moon,
With wany splendor, climbs the orient steep;
And in the shining pool, the village dog,
Howls at her semblance, thro' the brassy gleam.
While by her paly lamp, the wearied muse,
Hies slowly verging to her cheerless home.

That day dame nature droop'd her languid head,
Shorn of her golden locks, in widowed state,
Condoling with the universal woe.
The woods, and groves their leafy verdure dropt,
And suppliant lift their naked arms on high,
Obtesting Heav'n be witness of their pain.
Their odorous foliage shrunk the plants, and flow'rs,
And lowly bow'd to earth their drooping heads:
The rose drunk sorrow from the violets woe,
And Iris with the sick'ning lilly pal'd,
Bewail'd th'anemonies in dewy drops,
Once Venus' tears wept for Adonis slain;
The gorgeous flow'r, that opes her aureal breast.
To Phœbus' amorous ray, conceal'd her gold,
With head declining as at dewy eve.

The

The rose of prime, the pansy freck with jet,
The Hymenean pink, and orient nard
Infect with woe, in pearly drops condol'd.
Narcissus fill'd his saffron cup with tears,
And look'd more sad than when the vocal nymph,
Who lov'd the youth in vain, beheld him pine,
His form admiring in the wat'ry gleam :
For thee her son! Liriope bewails ;
For thee ! thy sire, Cephissus pours the urn,
Of liquid sorrow, from his dewy couch ;
And bids his mournful reeds thy hap complain,
In sanguine drops, young Hyacinth deplor'd,
And gave his mournful characters inscrib'd,
In sadder plaint, Apollo's grief to sigh ;
Sigh thy hard destiny O hapless youth.

The asphodel, as is the snow drop white,
To prior suns his lucid leaves display'd,
Effusing richer fragrance thro' the air ;
Till he beheld his flow'ry neighbours mourn,
Then soon he caught th' infection of their woes,
And in the root his balmy odors hid ;
Induing for the snowy white, a hue

Of sadder time, in condolence to share;
 That woeful tide, to shew he ne'er forgets;
 Since on his leaf, a fallow year retains.

That day young Cynthia tore his golden locks,
 And mantled in a cloudy veil, deplor'd;
 While sadly lingering on th'ethereal plain,
 In dim sojourn, his drooping steeds forbore
 From noon, to eve, approach th'Hesperian goal.
 The gentle hours, their flow'ry mantles dropt,
 And veil'd their virgin limbs, in sadder weeds,
 Their rosy hands, that strow celestial palms,
 Anana, iris, and blest amaranth;
 Wreaths of a gloomier shade, of lurid yew,
 And cypress sad, pluckt from the dreary vale,
 Of sorrow, and of death, deploring flung.
 Bright Lucifer that marshalls in the dawn;
 His silver glance extinct, in course unseen,
 To vent his grief, fled to th'Atlantean sleep.
 The weeping Hyads, with their uncle griev'd,
 Mingling their sorrow, for young Hyas slain;
 Their sister's woes, the teary Pleiads join'd;
 Who ever for their rocky fire deplore;

The

The dame obscure, who wed a mortal spouse,
 Wretch'd Merope, shun'd by her sister train,
 Across th' ecliptic to Orion fled,
 And sorrowing told; earth's rueful tidings heard,
 Mix'd with their pride, contemptuous of her lot,
 The pious maid, who loath'd her fire survive,
 Erigone, with grief her lustre dim'd,
 And spread th' infection to the Artic hoar,
 Where bright Callisto, from her splendid orb,
 Directs the mariner, who nightly stems
 The vast Atlantic, or the Chronian tide:
 Her radiance quench'd, Andromeda in tears,
 And to her mournful fire aloud complain'd,
 For loss of that bright star, which wont on earth,
 With aspect kind, to oppose her mutual shine:
 While griev'd Cassiope to Perseus speeds,
 And bids him hasten, to console his bride:

The lyre distended o'er the northern skies,
 That whilom struck, by Orpheus' tuneful hand;
 The savage kind, and list'ning forests charm'd,
 In unison, with earth's sad ditty plain'd;

And

And warbling drew, in melancholy strains,
Heav'n's forrowing host, th' etherial plain along;
Hieing the reach of telescopic tube
Beyond, the pilot dark'ning, who from Ind,
Steers homeward to th' Hesperian Isles his bark
Enrich'd with spoils, from ancient Cathay brought,
Or from the conchy isle of Taprobane.

The rural pow'rs Sylvanus, and the train
Of goat-foot Satyrs, with the wanton Fauns;
Who wont with chaplets crown'd, erewhile unseen,
Knit with the woodland Nymphs, in festive dance,
Beside the flow'ry banks of Aman's stream;
Lead up their choral steps; while tuneful Pan,
Adorn'd with Amarac his temples round;
In sprightly strains, his seven-reed pipe inspir'd,
Which oft at eve, the list'ning shepherds charm'd
Recumbent o'er the neighb'ring steep; Aloud
That day complain'd; and fled the pleasing haunt,
Made vocal by their strains; Arcadia's groves,
Their old resort, in forrowing mood they sought,
Nor more disport on Aman's flow'ry banks.

The wat'ry God who pleas'd afore to hear
His vocal shelves, the sylvan's lays resound,
In anguish from his pearly alcove rose,
The stream augmenting with his copious tears;
And calling thrice, URANIA's name in vain;
URANIA, who with warbling minstrels oft,
Beside the stream, his ravish'd ear attun'd,
In sweet suspense, half 'bove the circling flood:
So ancient Inachus with gushing woe,
His current swell'd, when Io was no more,
Young Io born on Acarnania's strand,
Young Io, fairest of Achaian nymphs;
Now frantic with despair, away he threw
His regal mace, his coral zone he broke,
His azure mantle rent, and smote his breast;
Now, reckless grown, upon his native flood,
Headlong, his wretched weight he cast, while round
The weeping Naiads stood, and strove in vain
Console: supine, with languid head, adown
The buoyant stream he flow'd, on either side,
Before, behind, th' officious Naiads run;
And shew by various acts their deep concern;

Here

Here some with snowy hands his head upbear,
Meek Hyale, soft Sao, ever sad,
Ianthe young, and Panope divine;
There others smooth his wat'ry way before,
Swift Proto, Pronoe, and Spio light:
While some keep pace, deploring on the banks;
Cerulean Glauce, with her hair unbound,
Mild Heione, inwrapt in azure weed,
Sweet Tayia, daughter of Bodotria fair,
And thou Eurynome, with rosy arms,
With slender feet in coral buskins knit;
Art not less beauteous, in thy native charms,
Tho' sadly sorrowing by the rueful stream.
Thus mourn'd along Adonis' winding marge,
The Syrian dames of old, while to the main
He purple flow'd, from Thammuz' annual wounds.
Now with the rapid current, swift he rolls,
Now on the dimpling surface, smoothly glides,
While oft in vain, URANIA's name he calls,
URANIA murmurs on his trembling tongue,
Eccho the floods, URANIA; and convey
The woeful tidings to old Ocean's stream.

So

So down the rolling Hebrus Orpheus borne,
His limbs dis sever'd by the Thracian dames,
While rag'd the orgies of the rev'ling god,
The stream empurpling to the Lesbian shore,
With dying tongue Eurydice he call'd,
Ah poor Eurydice! his latest breath,
Eurydice the floods, and ecchoing banks return'd.

No more returning with the vernal hours,
Was heard the flittinguccio's bill portend
Success in love; nor in the woody copse,
Perch'd on the lofty bough, the stock-dove seen
His coy bride wooing, with gay varying plumes:
Nor heard the merl in liquid notes attune
Her lay melodious to the list'ning grove:
The shrill-pip'd stare, the tenant of the oak,
Rook'd on the hoary stem, mute held his bill,
And mourn'd deep sorrowing, in his sable plumes:
Alone in shadowy thicket hid, the bird
Of grief, sad Philomela warbling sung,
And loud, in sadder notes than wont, complain'd;
Mingling her recent grief, with th' ancient tale

Of

Of Tereus, faithless to Pandion's trust,
And Progne injur'd by th'incestuous rape.

Say, good Palemon, of thy dearer half;
For dearer was she once, ere from thine arms
With cruel rape, death snatch'd thy angel hence;
Say, if of her, the sadly pleasing thought,
E'er now at secret hour, her image fresh
Long since depart, revives, full sure methink,
The inly soothing thought at times indulg'd,
Thy tender soul revolves; for oh the day!
That cheerless day, o'er later hours survives,
When to the sacred fane, thou next repair'd,
And from the hallow'd shrine, where low inhum'd
Thy dear URANIA lay; a mournful look
Thou cast, while obvious to thy view, uphung
In fable field, conspiring to thy grief,
Encircling thine, thy kindred arms appear'd;
In far and near degree, of lineage high,
In stem cognative, and collat'ral line;
And while depending from the crimson wreath;
In horror mute, the dusky crape aggriev'd,

'Twas

'Twas then just sorrow, quell'd thy best of man,
 In honest grief dissolv'd, and forc'd adown
 Thy bathed cheek, the manly tear to flow:
 While high in blissful strains, th' harmonious choir,
 Emblem of Heav'n, their Maker's praises sung,
 Charming the anguish'd soul to deeper woe,
 And on the hallowed wall, the blessed sun
 Advancing to high noon, glanc'd his bright beams
 With myriads fraught of fleeting beings small,
 Borne on the radiant stream of light, methought
 Thou deem'd her present tho' unseen, and heard
 Her angel voice, the hymning choir among,
 At times in more exalted note sweet warbling.

So widow'd Orpheus wail'd his short liv'd-bride,
 Eurydice belov'd, Eurydice
 The fair! than whom no fairer Thracian dame
 The morning dawn beheld; while sad he struck
 His mournful lyre, that to his sorrowing mind,
 With piteous looks her image dear recall'd.

Oh! could the muse her shade to earth restore,
 Of feigned monsters sung in ancient tale,

Nor

Nor dread, nor peril, should her heart appal
In such desir'd emprise ; with Hermes' speed
Swift would she wing to Pluto's dreary reign,
Her unremitted flight, nor on the banks
Of these unhallowed rivers, where the souls,
Of those untomb'd, a hundred years remain,
Would wait the waft of Charon's tardy skiff,
To reach the farther shore ; nor should prevail
Th' infernal gates her bold career to stay ;
Tho' Cerberus, hell's watchful porter dire,
Pledge of fell Typhon, and Echidna's lust,
Would rear his hissing snakes, and strive to oppose
With triple pealing jaws, tho' frowning grind
Repugnant Hades, or old Orcus grim,
Or Erebus from ancient Chaos sprung :
Nor should dismay Chimera belching flame,
Nor fierce Aello, arm'd with harpy claws :
Nor triform Geryon, hideous to behold :
Ev'n thou Medusa glare thy pow'r in vain,
And thy dread sisters with Gorgonian looks :
Undaunted as those valorous chiefs of old,
Who thro' th' infernal gloom explor'd their way,
Encas,

Eneas, or Ulysses sage, or he
Who quell'd these pow'rs before, 'Alcides brave ;
Thro' these dread shapes, would seek the happy plains'
And ask the gloomy king, her shade restore ;
Or if his ear were deaf to her request,
To sadder strains, should tune her mournful lyre,
Should move to ruth his adamant heart,
Than whilom Orpheus, who with plaintive shell,
Obtain'd his wounded fair, the world review ;
But ah ! soon lost her by the back-fond look :
From thy sad hap, O ! Orpheus, would the muse,
Glad ush'ring to this world the gentle shade ;
Restrict her eye, and keep the stern command,
Not look behind, ere past hell's upper bourn.

Oh ! could she rather, like the prophet old,
Who caught the relict vest, with pow'r divine
Endu'd, when in the fiery car was whirl'd
At Chebar flood, to heav'n the fainted seer ;
And with th' hospitious dame of Shunem sped,
From piny Carmel to the wall-join'd bow'r,
And to fresh life, her son's pale corse restor'd :

Like

A P O E M.

Like thee Elifha, would the hasting muse,
Fly to the dreary tomb, in her warm arms,
The ice-cold clay embrace, and from the so
Th' enlivening spirit to her frame impart.

But whither rapt, O muse! know Heav'n ab
The mighty pow'r audacious man denies,
And in his hidden counsel, sole reserves
For that dread day, when from the quarter'd w
The winged angels, blowing the last trump,
Shall in death's ear loud peal th' awak'ning cl
Then shall the muse, resurg'ing from her res
Fresh with hale vigour, and new life inspir'd,
With gladden'd eye, behold her like the star
Of morn arise, to shine in brighter day:
And by a rose lip'd cherub, hand in hand,
Led to receive th' immortal crown of glori
Then death shall live, and grief no more ann

F I N I S.

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